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ADDRESS

AT


THE FUNERAL

OF

MRS. CHARLES BARTLETT.

BY REV. H. G. LUDLOW.

POUGHKEEPSIE:
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To CHARLES BARTLETT, Esq.

My dear afflicted Friend:—I comply most cheerfully with your request, and place my very hastily written and imperfect address in your hands to be printed. If it can impart the least support and consolation to the bleeding hearts of those who have been bereaved of one of the loveliest of wives and mothers, of sisters and friends, I shall be most grateful. I feel that my own loss is irreparable, and I shall ever cherish with the deepest affection and gratitude the memory of her kindness to me and to mine.

Your sympathizing Pastor,

H. G. LUDLOW.

ADDRESS.

THE cloud beneath which we are assembled is so dark, and impenetrable, and awful, and the voice from the midst of its mysterious depths so terrible, as rather to inspire our silence than our speech.

There are some providences of God so direct, so palpable, so vast, so massive, as to overwhelm the soul with the convictions of their Divinity, and subdue and silence its infidelity. The universal world recognizes the hand of Jehovah, and instinctively seeks relief from the agony it feels in Him whose "Throne is in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all."

And such a providence is the one which on Wednesday last, suddenly, and like a thunderbolt in a clear sky, fell upon that ill-fated boat, the Henry Clay, consigning so many to an instantaneous death, and spreading such wide havoc and desolation around so many hearthstones and so many hearts.

Amidst the outcries of so much anguish—amidst the demonstrations of such an inexplicable Sovereignty, stunned as we are by the unexpectedness and the severity of the blow—how *can* we speak, *what* shall we say? When "the Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Thus we *all* feel to-day. This is indeed a day of gloom. We had often read, and heard of such catastrophes, and tried to sympathize with the distant and unknown sufferers of the Lexington and the Erie. Almost every day our public press describes some such thrilling scenes as these upon our far western waters, but they are so distant from us as to leave scarcely more than a transient impression. We forget them while reading the next paragraph. But now the evil has reached us. Those far-off scenes of horror are re-en-

acted in the very midst of us. *Our* kindred, *our* friends, *our* neighbors, are the subjects of these fearful calamities. Our peaceful village is clad in weeds, and covered with a pall.

The beautiful landscape around us is all hung in sable, and we are here to pay our last tribute of affection and respect to one who but yesterday was moving in the midst of us—a wife, a mother, a sister, a friend—honored by all, beloved by all. How true it is, and how striking the illustration here, that “Death loves a shining mark.”

But surely this Providence—so widespread, and complex, and comprehensive in the sweep of its infliction—*must* have a voice, and was designed to teach us all some salutary lesson. The only fear is that amidst the startling terrors of the calamity, we shall see the terrors rather than the teachings of His providence.

It shall be my object, therefore, as briefly as possible, to interpret as I am able, what I deem the instruction which it was intended, and is calculated to convey.

1. The duty of an habitual as well as immediate preparation for our final hour; for surely we can now hear Christ saying to us, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” The prospect of coming years of life, of usefulness, and of happiness is not more bright for most of us than it was for her on the morning when she bade farewell to home and family. True it is, that amidst the multiplicity of her domestic cares she had felt the necessity of a season of recreation, and had started in quest of the invigorating breezes of the ocean, but then her elastic constitution, which always rose rapidly when the pressure was removed, gave promise that in a few days she would again be seen with her accustomed dignity and cheerfulness, presiding over her wonted charge of responsibility and of influence. When she left us no one of her beloved household dreamed that the kiss she imprinted upon their lips, and the farewell she gave, were the kiss and the farewell of a final separation. They all anticipated her return, when they should again welcome her as the light of their heart and their home. And yet her hour had come—“The Master had come and called for her.”

And my hearers, are we more secure? Can we not hear a voice saying unto us, “Set *thine* house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.” Child of God, “Behold the Bridegroom cometh; trim thy lamp and see that there is oil in the vessel with thy lamp.” Christian, be thou as “a servant who standeth and waiteth for the coming

of his Lord, that when he cometh and knocketh thou mayest open unto him *immediately*."

Surely this is the language of this providence to us, and if our dear departed friend could speak to us and reveal all the thoughts and feelings which clustered around her spirit in those moments of consternation and of agony, when no time remained but just enough to breathe a prayer for "the loved ones at home" and commit her departing spirit into her Saviour's hand, she would say "Live in habitual readiness for death."

And what, my impenitent hearers, think you she would say to you? Would it not be, "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device, nor knowledge nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

Oh! had not her work of repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ been finished, how think you could she have accomplished it amidst the wild and mingled confusion of that dreadful hour—when the soul was meditating its escape between a death by burning and a death by drowning—and when thoughts of time and thoughts of eternity—of friends on earth and friends in heaven, were contending for the victory in her agitated bosom. My fellow sinners, postpone not, I entreat you, to a future hour that preparation which demands so much, the circumstances of a calm and undisturbed deliberation.

2. Our subject teaches us the duty of a constant acknowledgment of God in all our ways. Surely "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," for "a man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." It well becometh us in every movement to eye the hand and recognize the government of Him "without whom not a sparrow falleth."

"We know not what a day may bring forth." I do not mean to say that such an acknowledgment, however devout, will necessarily secure our safety from temporal calamity, but simply, that it will keep the soul serene in the midst of it. No one can tell when he leaves his house in the morning, what trial of his character, what peril of his life, may await him before he returns.

As Saul, when he went to seek his father's asses, was made a king before he returned, so when we leave our habitation on any lawful business we may be raised to our throne in the skies before we return. We have not the least doubt that in the view of her journey, our de-

parted friend commended herself and those that were dear to her to the favor and protection of her covenant God ; but oh ! how little did she anticipate that instead of returning to her loved ones on earth, in a few days, she would be removed in a few hours, to her loved ones in heaven.

Were thoughts like these habitually to influence us, what a softening, and chastening, and spiritualizing, and elevating power would they exert over our whole history. How conservative and how sanctifying would be the result upon all the intercourse of domestic life.

How would it diffuse a tenderness and a gentleness over all its familiarities.

Yes, were we thus to recognize the providence of God in the possibility of a sudden rupture of all the ties that bind our hearts together, think you it would not urge us to greater care and greater diligence in pouring along every link in the sacred chain as much of affection and as much of pleasure as it was in our power to impart.

And then how benign would such a recognition of the Divine hand in everything be, provided that hand should dissolve the ligaments which bind accordant hearts, and put "lover and friend far from us, and our acquaintance into darkness."

Truly, that soul which in its deepest convictions acknowledges an overruling, controlling, operating Providence in every event, however vast or however minute, finds a resource in time of calamity unknown to the blind worshipper of chance. It finds a resting place in God, at the very moment when every other resting place is swept away.

Thus was it with Job in the hour of *his* extraordinary sufferings. The Sabeans had stolen his oxen and slain his servants ; the lightning had consumed his sheep with their shepherd ; the Chaldeans had carried away his camels with their drivers, and a great wind from the wilderness had destroyed his sons—but Job saw neither the Sabeans, the lightning, the Chaldeans, nor the tornado, but God alone. Then Job arose and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord."

What an amazing increase of suffering must that bosom experience which, in addition to the sorrow which its wounded sympathies feel, knows that anguish which arises from passions full of despair and rebellion. I have often wondered what those men do who are unable to trace all events above second causes to the throne of God. Oh! how many there are who are cast off upon the fearful necessity of expending their excited sensibilities in vain regrets, in wild and may be vengeful deprecations of the guilty inflictors of their sufferings, because they see not One who, whether in his permissive decrees, or his executed purposes, is in every event, and will, in the winding up of the world's drama, prove to his admiring and holy universe, that Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom sat regent upon the throne, educing good from evil, and light from darkness.

The Christian, however, has no such internal controversy—no warring of conflicting elements, to wreck his soul.

He may *weep*, and he *will* weep, for God forbids not this relief for suffering nature, and “Jesus wept”—but they will be the tears of affection over the legitimate objects of its love, and the tears of penitence over sins that merited the stroke—and afterwards tears of gratitude over sins forgiven, and a heart sanctified, and numberless mercies spared, and brighter hopes of heaven, and glorious anticipations of a joyful re-union in the spirit land.

Let the infidel court relief by suicide in the mysterious darkness of the sepulchre, if he will. I wonder why he does not always; but let the Christian, penetrating by faith the midnight which has lowered above him at midday, dwell in the light wherewith God “doth clothe himself as with a garment,” and exclaim, “though he slay me yet will I trust in him.” His faith has filled up the void which lies beyond all second and guilty causes, and connected them with that Great First Cause “of whom and to whom, and through whom are all things, to whom be glory forever and ever, amen.”

True, very true, he may not now be able to perceive the reasons which actuated the Divine Mind, in the permission of the events which have blighted and crushed his fondest hopes—but he hears a voice saying, “What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter;” and that voice hushes his soul into peace, as it once hushed the sea of Galilee into repose.

With one of God's suffering children, when asked if he can see the reason of his suffering, he will reply, “No. But I am as well sat-

isfied as if I could. The will of God is better than a thousand reasons."

Then what an anchor to the soul amidst the billows of life's ocean is faith in the providence of God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee because he trusteth in thee."

In what language can I more justly or more touchingly express my own sense of the duty of the most filial submission, or speak words of consolation to sorrowing survivors than in her own, addressed to a relative who had lost a beloved wife, in a letter written the day before her own removal to another world. "It is a mysterious providence, that takes away a mother from her tender babes, and a wife from her husband, whose heart's affections are centered in her. All we can say is "the Lord reigneth." He doeth what seemeth him good, and he doeth all things well. It is a blessed privilege to have a Heavenly Father to go to with all your griefs, and to be able to call him *your* Father. What if you had no other consolation than the world could give! Oh! think of that. I trust you may have wisdom and grace given you to discharge the double duties devolved on you, in training your little ones. You are not left desolate; those dear pledges are left you to love, and you should feel that the spirit of their sainted mother is hovering over them and you."

True, very true, and sad as true it is, that you who mourn were not permitted to receive the last parting words of affection and advice from her lips, ere they were closed forever, but what more could she have said to soothe the hearts of Husband and Children, and point them to the only source of consolation and support, than these words of sympathy and piety contain.

3. What a boundless source of consolation to survivors is the hope that our friends, however or whenever called from us, are prepared to go and *have* gone to heaven.

"'Tis the survivor dies." This is emphatically true when the departed one is a Christian.

He that believeth on me, says Christ, though he were dead yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

And blessed be God this hope does pour its radiance around this darkened habitation.

These mourners, mourn not as those who have no hope. The memory of her consistent piety is blessed and balmy to the wounded spirit of those who knew her best and loved her most.

She loved the habitation of God's house and the place where his honor dwelleth ;

She loved the ordinances of the Sabbath and Sanctuary ;

She loved to hear the glorious gospel of the blessed God proclaimed ;

She loved those who loved her Saviour ;

She loved the cause of her Redeemer, and rejoiced at its triumph in the earth.

Within the hallowed retirement of her closet we may not penetrate, but we doubt not if we could, we should there find the secret of all her other love, in the love of a more private and intimate communion with Heaven.

Who that knew her doubted that her external excellence was but the beautiful development of a spirit in harmony with God.

And now where is she ? What is she doing ? What a rapid transition was her's from scenes of horror to unutterable, inconceivable glory ? From husband and children and friends on earth, to parents and children and friends in Heaven.

And who that has lost a friend, who that has drank the bitter cup of widowhood or of orphanage—who that has poured the heart's grief over the grave of brother, or sister, or father or mother, has not found a sweet and refreshing solace in the reflection that the spirit which once animated those forms, has entered upou its immortality of bliss.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

The following obituary is from the Poughkeepsie Eagle, and is as just as it is elegant :—

“In our obituary of to-day will be found the death of Mrs. Charles Bartlett, of College Hill. She was one of the sufferers on board of the unfortunate Henry Clay ; and although the minds of our citizens at large are engrossed and their hearts harrowed by the general disaster, at once so wicked and so fatal, we are sure that the feelings of our own community are deeply stirred on account of this lamented lady, and her bereaved husband and family.

There are persons whose usefulness extends over a wide circle, who, by their conspicuous virtues have been a public example, and by their expansive benevolence, a public blessing ; and whose loss, therefore, is mourned as a public calamity. There are others whose less visible and more domestic excellence cheers and guides the home and the family ; and whose loss, although perhaps more deeply, is yet not so widely deplored. And there are others still, whose peculiar position affords them an opportunity of dispensing blessings at once public and domestic, and the loss of whom is thus a peculiar bereavement. It was such a position that Mrs. Bartlett held. The male head of a great educational establishment, like that on College Hill, is posted on one of the noblest of this world's eminences. It is his high duty and privilege to mould the hearts and minds of the men who shall maintain this great Republic. But far greater and more beneficial than many can even imagine, is the quiet and gentle influence of the lady who guides its domestic arrangements. If she be a woman of true grace and refinement, of prudence and firmness, of Christian love and Christian dignity, the power she wields, although it may have little show, and courts not observation, is, like that of

pure air and sunshine, a power of incalculable good. It is all around us and within us, though we may pay but little regard to its presence, and learn its full value only after it is withdrawn. Such a woman is the benign genius of the place ; and such a woman was Mrs. Charles Bartlett. Dignified, modest, and lovely ; cheerful and affable, rather than extremely lively ; ever exhibiting the strictest propriety of speech and manner, but without the least appearance of stiffness ; she moved in society as a graceful, winning and distinguished lady. And the same admirable qualities constituted her ornament and her power in her peculiar sphere on College Hill. She at once won the hearts and commanded the reverence of every youth in the institution. It was not any mere general deference to woman that made her slightest look and her most quiet word so potent. It was the respect that her remarkable deportment and admirable good sense quietly, but irresistibly, compelled. There was no hurry, no excitement, never the smallest shadow of temper, but continued self-possession, and unruffled amiableness ; and though that bright eye is now closed, and the cheek's delicate hue has given place to the paleness of death, yet as we gazed sadly and solemnly on those still features, untouched by the distortion of fear, or any expression of anguish, we could even then read the character of the woman, as when she lived and moved amongst us.

The outward aspect of such a woman's religion it is not difficult to imagine. With the most heartfelt simplicity and sincerity of faith, she walked worthy of her high calling ; but her christianity had not the very slightest admixture of what has been termed cant ; neither, although zealous for the salvation of sinners, did she ever approach even to a manifestation of that zeal which is not according to knowledge. Judicious and retiring in all things, she shrunk from all parade of her piety ; but steadfast and uncompromising, no temptation could induce her to disregard its dictates. Neither the fanatical on the one hand, nor the lukewarm on the other, could have found any countenance or encouragement in her of whom we have been so suddenly and so sadly deprived. She has gone to her reward ; and the consolation of a broken-hearted husband, and a multitude of sorrowing friends is, that she is now far happier than they ever were, even when hope was yet unblighted and prosperity entire."

An extract from an eloquent discourse preached in Dr. Spring's Church in the City of New York, by Rev. Samuel Irenaeus Prime, on the Sabbath after the burning of the Henry Clay. The portrait which it presents of this most estimable woman and lamented member of my Church, is not at all too highly colored. H. G. L.

"In that great company there was one (Mrs. Emily Bartlett, of Poughkeepsie, wife of Charles Bartlett, President of the Collegiate Institute,) of whom I may speak from long personal acquaintance, as one the loveliest of her sex. Endowed by nature with those charms of form and feature that never fail to attract the attention and excite the admiration of those who behold them, Mrs. B. was the ornament of society, as she was the crown of her husband and the joy of his house. Not only beautiful, she was gifted with a pure and generous mind, a sweet and amiable temper, while education had added every accomplishment, and grace had completed the work; clothing her with all those virtues that fit the elegant woman to be the light and beauty of the world she blesses with her presence. And when I think of her, flying from the devouring flame, and leaping into the only less fearful flood, committing that form of so much gracefulness to the cold embrace of death, while yet the warm pulses of life were bounding in her bosom, fond husband and children at home all unsuspecting of the agony she was enduring, my heart sickens, and I turn to the faith which alone can sustain and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth *right* to thee." But the crowning glory of that fair woman's praise was her love for God, her calm and earnest trust in Christ, which I know full well did not forsake her in that last trying hour: and when she committed herself to the waves, she heard a voice, saying: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee: I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Though she lived in readiness for the Master's coming, and doubtless had her house and heart in order, so that she could put forth her hand and meet the Lord as friend meets friend, the call was sudden, and of that day and hour she knew not. But, thou art gone: there was no charm in beauty that could save, no power in love to help thee when thine hour had come, or thou shouldst not thus have perished, wife of my early friend!"

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BARTLETT.

BY JEANNIE L. THOMAS.

She's gone ! she has gone with her love-lighted eyes,
Her accents of musical tone !
She's pass'd through the waves of the dark-rolling flood,
But, think not she cross'd them *alone* !

For Jesus, whose hand is almighty to save,
Can walk on the eddying tide,
And there, in his strength, with an outstretched arm,
Behold ! He was close at her side !

And there, on the quivering pinions of light,
The angels were hovering o'er,
To convoy her soul to the haven of rest,
On the glorious heavenly shore.

Then spread the free spirit her beautiful wings—
Away ! With the angels ! Away !
Oh ! Thornless and bright is the sapphire-pav'd road
To the kingdom of shadowless day !

Oh ! Heir of the kingdom ! Look up through thy tears,
(To the eye of thy spirit 'tis given,)
And sorrow no longer, for lo ! there is now
Another bright star in thy heaven !

A load-star of light that shall draw thee more near
To the home of our Father on high,
The land where the anguish of parting is o'er,
And tears shall forever be dry !

Poughkeepsie, July 30, 1852.

